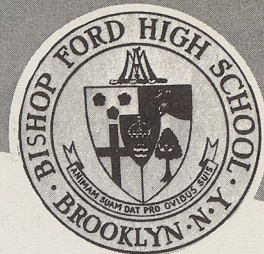


HIGHPOINT



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Bishop Ford H. S., Brooklyn, N. Y.

November 28, 1967



Girls from Connecticut and New Jersey pose outside Ford at the Catholic Press Conference held here on November 1.

Press Meeting Here

by Jim Cutie
News Editor

For most Ford students All Saints Day was a holiday and holyday (more of a holiday) but to the Highpoint and Pagoda staffs, it was another day of zealous endeavor. The occasion was the Catholic Publications Conference held at Ford. The program read "The Twentieth Annual Fall Clinic" (It could have used a doctor).

Journals To Debut Soon

by William Haigney
of the Highpoint Staff

This year three journals are being produced by and for Ford men. These publications are *Framework*, *Outlook*, and the *Poetry Magazine*. Mr. Clifford, Mr. Blandi and Brother Marcel are their moderators.

Framework is a literary journal. Any student may submit either poems or short stories to Mr. Clifford or the editors, Steve Balzarini and Jim Brannan. *Framework* will be published twice this year, once in December and again in the spring to give students an opportunity to express themselves.

Outlook, another of our publications, deals solely with Social Studies. Featured in it are stories dealing with all aspects of social structure. The editors of *Outlook* are Jim Pittman and James Venirusso. Pittman describes *Outlook* as "principally for juniors and seniors to express themselves on social and political issues. The first publication will be out in early January. Although many of last year's staff have graduated, this year's *Outlook* will at least be on a par with last year's."

Last year about Christmastime a mimeographed series of papers was handed out among the students with the word 'Poetry' on it. The material was good as a whole and a number of poems were excellent. This year a similar series of papers will form the new *Poetry Magazine*.

Bill Luby, and T. R. Corcoran, editors of this year's edition, are optimistic about the magazine.

There was one compensation for the dedicated staff, that was the presence of about 400 girls at the conference. Wonderful cafeteria food (or a facsimile) was served, followed by free bromos. Most of the Ford representatives are still trying to figure out why a dollar fee was required; the food wasn't free and even the driver's ed. group came into the building. Morning activities began with registrations from 9:00-10:00 o'clock. Panel Sessions concerning newspaper, yearbooks and magazines were conducted from 10:00-11:30 (they would cure anyone's insomnia).

There were about 15 discussions to select from. The class with the prettiest girls was usually the unanimous choice. At 11:15 the general assembly began, during which State Senator Ferall, sponsor of the Textbook Law, spoke and News Editor, Jim Cutie, author of this article, slept. From 12:00-12:30 Holy Mass was held. Next came "lunch". At 2:00 o'clock the day's program started over. During the day yearbook and photo exhibits were on display.



Cathy from Connecticut.

On the way to the boredom, some young ladies were kind enough to pose for pictures and to comment on our school. One girl from New Jersey exclaimed "It's beautiful but it's too big". Another lassie injected, "you must need a lot of time to change classes." Another group of girls responded with answers like "it's a nice place to visit but I wouldn't want to live here" or "50 miles for this".

SELF Week Successful

Leadership, character, maturity, personal development, Christian vocation and challenge. These are some terms that best describe activities sponsored for the students at Bishop Ford High School during the week of October 30.

Falcon First: Ford Folk Mass

by George Jalinos
of the Highpoint Staff

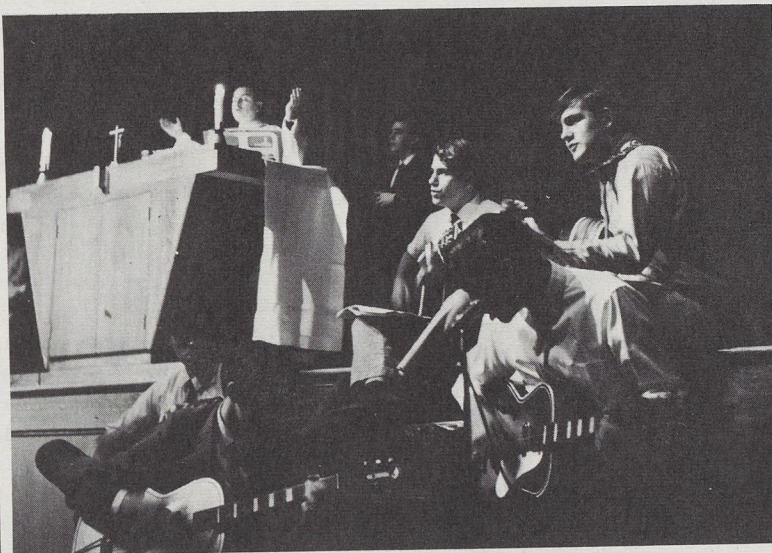
The juniors and seniors attended a talkative First Friday assembly three weeks ago. This consisted of addresses made by Brother Lucian, Brother Bernadine, and Brother Timothy, a folk Mass, and a senior assembly. Early dismissal followed.

With Brother Blaise acting as emcee for the assembly, the first speaker was introduced. This was Brother Lucian, who is speech instructor and vocation director here at Ford. He spoke about vocations but made his point in an indirect manner. Using the idea in the song "People," he stated that we all need people and stressed that we should all try to

all need people of sound character who have the moral courage to see a thing through.

Brother Blaise again returned to the podium; this time to award those senior students, who achieved a high score on the National Merit Scholarship Test, with certificates of commendation. Receivers of certificates were: Thomas Sweeney, Richard Roberts, Mark O'Callaghan, Gerard Lynch, and Lawrence Julian. This was followed by a well-appreciated intermission.

After 15 minutes, all returned to the auditorium to assist at First Friday Mass. This time things were a



Father McCarthy prays at Ford's first folk Mass, while guitarists provide music.

amend our actions in relation to our fellowman.

Next on Brother Blaise's list was Brother Bernadine, supervisor of schools and Secretary-General of the Franciscan Brothers. Brother Bernadine introduced his topic with a couple of anecdotes which put us in a jovial mood. On observing Bishop Ford's everyday life, Brother stated that he has realized a philosophy of education here at Ford which is a harmonious development of the faculty and the student body—spiritually, morally, physically, culturally, and socially. We immediately accepted his statement as a well-deserved compliment. Finally, referring to the life of Saint Thomas More, Brother explained that among other things we

little different. Folk songs, which had been rehearsed during the week by the upperclassmen, replaced the old-fashioned hymns that had usually accompanied First Friday Mass.

Following the Mass, the Juniors were dismissed to make way for a senior assembly. This consisted of talk about senior privileges and an introduction to the Pagoda Drive by Mr. O'Dea. We were informed that the individual quota for the Drive would be 17 dollars and that an award of fifty dollars would be given to the senior who brought in the largest amount of money.

With this, the assembly of November third ended and the seniors were finally dismissed.

Termed a *SELF* week—Spiritual Evaluation of Lives Focus—the program offered the students an opportunity to take "time-out" and look at themselves and re-evaluate their plan of action for the future.

Monday, students reported to the chapel during their regular religion classes to join together in a Bible Vigil which had as its theme, "Christian Leadership". They heard Brother Blaise Dumas, O.S.F., the newly appointed Assistant Principal, invite them to grow from their present status as good people to future involvements as better people. Brother encouraged the students to look at the school as a community, everyone working together for personal development and community harmony.

CHALLENGE

Tuesday found the students engaged in classroom discussions on commitment and religious vocations as outlined in *The Tablet's* issue on vocations. Here the students were given the opportunity to evaluate their role as Christians in the present and challenge and fulfillment in the future.

On Thursday the Sophomores and Freshmen gathered together in the auditorium for further instruction and opportunity in becoming better. Brother Lucian Moloney, O.S.F., faculty coordinator of Vocations for the School addressed the students and asked them to look at people—all people—and see how much they need other people. They themselves are in need of other people and other people need them. Brother asked them to accept this challenge from other people's needs and grow with them. Following, the students participated in a Mass offered by Father Joseph McCarthy, Spiritual Counselor at Bishop Ford, for their deceased relatives and friends and for all deceased people.

GUEST SPEAKERS

The students were invited to use Saturday as their free day to observe and evaluate their actions in a practical way. They were asked to look around in the environment of work, at home, with friends or in any other situation and weigh their own effectiveness and study their strengths and weaknesses in the light of better performance.

The culmination of the week's renewal came with the Annual Father and Son Communion Breakfast sponsored by the Father's Guild of the school. Following the Mass in the auditorium, the guests attended the breakfast and heard Tom Gorman former pitcher with the New York Yankees and Frank Torre, formerly with the Milwaukee Braves as the Principal Speakers.

Editorials

by Steve Brienza
Editor-in-Chief

When we reach senior year we are between seventeen and eighteen years of age. At this age we are considered mature enough by local governments to drive a car and by our national government to defend our country's freedom. Why here in school, can we not be accorded that same trust and belief in our maturity?

The action of the Administration during the recent cafeteria trouble can not be attacked. There was no alternative but to suspend our senior privilege and have the cafeteria policed by almost every teacher who was free during that period. This gave everybody—teacher and student alike—an uneasy feeling. It made the lunch period seem like a regular teaching period. All this took place because some underclassmen were not willing to concede to seniors the trust that was placed in us by the school administration.

A senior privilege is something which is important to all students. Underclassmen should realize that at Ford, a school whose tradition is in the process of being built, everything which is done sets a precedent. Anything that happens at Ford happens for all students. The community at Ford should share in everything. Yet a few ignorant people who destroy things for themselves and others help destroy the new benefits which are for everybody. They do not want to look for the good in something that would eventually benefit them.

To our mind, we see that the main obstacle to senior privileges is the downright stubbornness of some individuals to yield to what benefits everybody.

ON A SILVER BIKE

(continued from page 4)

tale. "He will bring happiness in a pipe . . ." begins the ode, entitled *The Fat Angel*. Fly Trans-Love airways, gets you there on time, we are advised. *Celeste* is the one who weaves our fates. The typical flowing sounds of Donovans music once again become part of the words.

Mellow Yellow becomes a second gold record and the curly-haired kid is now the idol of pseudo-hipsters. Good people enjoy him too. "A lot of people think I fell out of the sky. They don't know anything about me."

Next *Epistle to Dippy* which does fine on the charts until the lyrics are published. Then, a mysterious disappearance. *There Is A Mountain* sells—a good beat, interesting words. Recently, *Wear Your Love Like Heaven*. A good sound, but teeny radio will soon tire of playing it.

With wonder-spell, magic sounds, Donovan has become one of the most important writers of today. Unfortunately, space limits; I can't tell of the "Mellow Yellow" LP. *Sand And Foam*, along with *Young Girl Blues* and *Hampstead Incident*, must go unexamined—a development of a more mature artist.

"In my crystal halls, a feather falls being beautiful just for you.
But that might not be quite true—
It's up to you."



These individuals should wake up realizing we hope to benefit all. The only requirement is the use of a little foresight to see that they too, will be able to share in the benefits that the present seniors are striving hard to obtain.

Debate Debuts Varsity Strong

by Paul Magino
of the Highpoint Staff

Hardwork is the game of the fellows who make up the debate team, especially those who compose the varsity team, Robert DiBenedetto, Brian McCormick, Robert Sieysins, George Thompson, and Frank Hoffman. They must try to do better than ever. The first event of the year for seniors was at St. John's University on November 23.

An important meet for the members of the varsity team is on Dec. 17. We should all hope that the Ford boys win because if they do we will have a place in the Nationals in Chicago. Mr. Hynoski, the coach, said, "I think that Ford will be on the map then. During the second part of the school year, January to June, these men will never stop because they really make it or they don't. That is when the scholarship season starts. I'm sure that everyone hopes that there will be a winner at Ford."

Mr. Hynoski said that this year's Freshmen are more enthusiastic than he has had in the past. He also thinks that the newly elected officers, who are Bryan McCormick, President; Joe Wozny, Vice-President; Thomas Kuras, Secretary; and Frank De Stefano, Treasurer, will help team spirit.

Senior Privileges; Awards To Fordians

by Joseph Bongiorno
of the Highpoint Staff

The student body of Bishop Ford has a problem: what are good senior privileges and to what degree should they be pursued to be truly effective? This issue has been on the minds of the student council, senior committee, faculty and students alike for the past few weeks.

The present situation, which demands an immediate and fair solution to all concerned, started three weeks ago. At that time, fights and arguments flared up in D lunch period between the upperclassmen which posed a grave problem. This temporary relief came the following school day in the form of some 20 faculty members who carefully supervised the lunch period.

Also, the suspension of the 10 minute senior lunch-line privilege, whereby only seniors showing proof could purchase food from any of the three lines, was enacted. Whatever the reason, the violent hostility shown in the cafeteria was not justified by any means.

The real answer to this difficult matter was given to the seniors and juniors by Brother Timothy. At the Folk Mass on Friday, during the period of self-reflection, Brother Tim-

othy pleaded that the students be reunited together in the spirit of "one family" here at Bishop Ford.

Certainly, if nothing else, they should look to work together. That is the opinion of Ralph Coccaro, President of the Student Council, as he states "The Seniors of Bishop Ford deserve this cafeteria privilege and many others, but they will not be effective and appreciated if not understood and considered by the whole student body."



Administration Voice

When interviewed on this topic, Brother Blaise added, "Whatever the senior privilege, cafeteria or something else, it should be something which is workable, that is, seen as a privilege by all of the students, and seen as something desirable by all of the students."

This is the essence of the basic underlying problem. Are the students ready to sacrifice now in order to enjoy benefits later, or completely reject what could prove to be a truly beneficial senior privilege program in the future?

He notes here that, one day, we all will be seniors and should respect as well as anticipate the rights carried on in the Falcon tradition.



Student Voice

WE ROB BANKS

(continued from page 4)

However, if I'm going to praise the capabilities of the cast I could hardly exclude one singularly remarkable man, Michael J. Pollard. I have observed and admired this brilliant character actor for years, awaiting the time when he would get the recognition he deserves. Pollard is a master of facial expression and hand gesture. One of the truly remarkable scenes is the announcement to gas station attendant Pollard by Miss Dunaway that she and Beatty rob banks. Pollard says nothing . . . but through a few simple gestures sets the audience into hysteria. His concentration ability completely overwhelms all who witness it. Michael J. Pollard has finally arrived.

I don't know the names of the photographic staff, but I also don't think it is really necessary to know. The fact is that their work has been done and no one will soon forget the creation if not the creator. The death of Bonnie and Clyde is one of the most powerfully filmed sequences I've ever seen. The dramatic impact involved in the previous scenes tips off the viewer: something is about to happen but one never suspects anything as powerful as this because one never realizes that something like that could be created.

Bonnie and Clyde has to be seen. It is impossible to describe it. That is a job destined for failure. And after seeing it you will not be able to casually walk out with your arm in a death-grip around your girl friend's neck and go down to the corner for some pizza at the Greasy Spoon.

The Ford Farsity

by Jim Cutie
News Editor

The basketball season opens soon. The team looks as good as could be expected considering the loss of Mumford and Co. First game December 1, versus Loughlin. Mr. Clifford's Framework, the literary journal in the making. The history magazine Outlook to go to the presses (look-out). The Senior Prom Committee busy at work. The Pagoda Staff on the move. The ski trip looks like a good deal. Congratulations to the recipients of the National Merit Scholarship commendations.

Franciscan Guild Drive begins early December (prayers here). Battle of the bands another "mind-expander". College boards December 2. Brother Marcel has started a poetry magazine. Where are the senior privileges? Where are the seniors worthy of them? Report cards (EECH). The Sound and Light show sounds all right. Where's your corridor pass?

Is this any way to run a gym class? YOU bet it is. Mr. McCarthy due back around February.

Drivers Ed. murder on the nerves and curves. Thanks Mr. Wittekind for a good intramural program. Rumor has it that Brother Lucian is really Clark Kent. Mr. Gillen doesn't surf, he is one (A serf). Happy Thanksgiving. Get those college applications out soon. Folk Mass produces mixed emotions (Kumbaya)! Christmas on the way. Word has it that food will be served in the cafeteria in the near future. Where's Sal Rasa?

The school year three months old (seems like ages). The school has become so Orientally persuaded that shirts will be washed and pressed at a quarter per during all gym classes. That's not all, jug cards are now distributed in fortune cookies. Support our student council. The school year promises a lot, let's take advantage of all the opportunities.

Letters To The Editor

To The Editors,

In your first publication of this school year, you invited students to write you letters, commenting on the literature in the school paper. I am accepting this invitation and I would like to make known the fact that I am in complete disagreement with your editorial concerning "hostile and malevolent isolationists". I believe that isolation, non-involvement, and independence are traits difficult to develop and even harder to keep. The heck with others. I'm for me. Isolate yourself from the sad state in this world. Up with introverts.

A loner

To the Loner,

Just as I wish my opinions to be heard and respected, I respect yours. However, I can not agree with your stand. First of all, if you were truly an isolationist, you wouldn't have written to us. You wouldn't have involved yourself. Your spirit of introversion is artificial (we hope) but if it isn't your attitude is unhealthy. How can we live, love and learn without the guidance and example of others (be it good or bad, we should profit from it). If you can honestly say that you need no one, and no one needs you, you certainly are unique.

James Cutie

Talkin' 'Bout Sports

by William Gargan
Sports Editor

The gym was in a state of complete confusion. Students were running, and in some cases walking around the track trying to pass the gym test. After running, I went over to Mr. Nash and said:

"Ah—excuse me Mr. Nash."

"Yes," he answered.

"I'd like to interview—"

"Excuse me—hey George, who told you to get dressed." George came over to explain.

"This ought to be good," Mr. Nash thought out loud. After a momentary confrontation, he returned.

"Now what was that you were saying?"

"I'd like to interview you for *HIGHPOINT*."

"O.K. grab a pen and paper and follow me around—Somebody get a cigarette ready for Zigame when he finishes."

We had to go inside then and get dressed so I didn't see him until after class.

As soon as everybody was dismissed, he took me into the athletic director's office and I finally began the interview.

"Well, Mr. Nash, could you tell us just what the athletic director does? I, and I think most people, are a little hazy as to what it's all about."

"Well, it's not as easy as it seems to be. It's a lot of hard work. He's in charge of everything from recording locker numbers to making the schedules for all the different teams. Besides these things, he has to collect uniforms, sell equipment, and even make sure that the custodial staff pulls out the bleachers for the basketball games."

"Speaking of basketball, tell me what do you think of the team without Gene Mumford this year?"

"Well, Gene Mumford is a loss to any team. I think that if we had him, we'd be city champs this year. There are no big men on the team but it's well balanced. We have a starting five that play well."

"Do you think we'll make the playoffs?"

"Yes, I think so, if the team concentrates on fundamentals."

"Do you think that the trouble over senior privileges will produce a lack of spirit and participation at the basketball games?"

"No, I don't think so. There are always a handful who make it bad for everyone. I've scheduled the games so that they would be convenient for the student body as a whole." Mr. Bucchere came in and said, "How's your German, Mr. Nash?"

"Am—all right—"

"Flobert Platz-Patronen" and he handed him a small container with those words printed on the cover.

"You were saying?"

"About the Basket—"

A student interrupted, "Mr. Nash, where can I buy a winter coat?"

"In the other room. The boy there will take care of it. Oh! now you know part of what my job is."

"Well, I said," back to basketball. "Are you in favor of cheerleaders? Will we have them this year?"

"It's not certain yet but we probably will. Ralph Coccaro is working on it now."

Mr. Wittekind came in then. "Can we have another football Mr. Nash?"

"Excuse me a minute," and he left to get a football.

When he returned I said, "Well, it must be interesting. There's always something happening."

Yes, it is. It's hard and tiring work but I love it. The happiest time of the day comes when everything is over and I can get into the shower and be by myself."

"Is there anything you would like to say to the students as closing remarks?"

"Yes, there is, something that I think is very important. I'd like to see all the students take a more active part in the athletic program, whether it be in the intramurals, interscholastic sports or just attending the games. Actually, we don't have the teams only for the people who are on them. Specifically at the basketball games there should be more attendance. Sports should be social. You should meet people at the games. They should draw the whole school together as a unit."

Basketball: Depth A Main Asset

by Jim Brannan
Assistant Editor

The most well-balanced squad in Bishop Ford Varsity basketball history will take to the hardwood early next month to challenge for the playoff spot which has not been denied them since 1964-65.

"Depth is our main asset," stated Varsity coach Chick Keegan. "It won't hurt us to make frequent replacements. And, because of our depth, we will be able to present a well-balanced attack at all times during a game."

The personnel which the veteran coach has assembled for 1967-68 verifies his beliefs. Two strong Varsity rookies, Gerry Catus and Jimmy Jones, are vying for the starting assignment at center. Gerry played Junior Varsity ball for the better part of two seasons, while Jimmy was an outstanding performer on last year's J.V. Playoff squad.

The Falcons are blessed with a pair of the finest forwards in the nine team league—Earl Pinto and Bobby Welsh. "When Pinto is hot, he can really give us a lift," Coach Keegan insisted.

Earl is famous for his long-range corner shots and he is bound to make a name for himself this year.

Coach Keegan said, "If we're going to make the Playoffs, Bobby Welsh will be the one to put us there. I have plenty of confidence in him. I think he can be a true leader on the court. He did a fine job for me as a sophomore, and I'm expecting him to improve himself as this season wears on. Our drive to success will be a team effort, but Bobby will have plenty to do with that effort." Enough said about the potential of Mr. Welsh?

Bob Sheedy is the chief Varsity backcourt mainstay. The '66-'67 season saw Bob burst into prominence with a series of dynamic performances. "He can certainly help us out there," enthused Mr. Keegan.

There are four other talented men ready to take a shot at a backcourt starting berth. Frankie Kirkland, the fiery little holler guy from last year's J.V., can really do a lot for the big team along the lines of confidence and, most especially, scoring. Russ White is no slouch when it comes to

putting the ball in the basket, either. Jim Meehan is an authentic battler who is bound to let the opposition know that they've been in a basketball game, and Don Mulligan just might be the surprise of the year.

Expected to fit into the Ford battle plan up front are Tom Burke, Richie Petersen and Marlow Spivey. Each could conceivably appear in the starting lineup within the next 13 weeks.

"It's awfully hard to say anything about where we'll finish at this time," Coach Keegan said. "With nine teams fighting for two Playoff spots—well, it should be a very exciting year."

Last season's superstars can do little more than haunt the gym in which they achieved their greatest triumphs. The Scarlet and Black cannot win games by merely showing up any longer. Falcon followers must realize that this is a new era for basketball up on Prospect Park West. If the Playoffs are to be attained, they will be attained by team balance and depth. And a heck of a lot of school spirit.

Track Team Looks Bright

by Gerard Lynch
of the Highpoint Staff

You've probably seen those guys with the red sweatshirts and the baggy black sweatpants walking along ninth avenue. For those that don't know it, they are our varsity cross-country team going to practice in the park. However, this team isn't like the other cross-country teams that we have fielded in the past. The thing that makes this team different is that it is faster. Mr. Bucchere, the coach, comments "I think that this year's team is the best team ever to come from Ford." Hardly anyone can argue with him since the team has an average time of 14:35' over a 2½ mile course, and is still steadily improving. It must be noted that this time wasn't clocked on a comparatively easy course but on the tough, grueling Van Cortland Park Track which is rated by some as the toughest course in the East.

Although there are many seniors on the team, there are also many juniors and sophomores such as Tom McClellan, John Bumbaca, Mike Martin and Don Wisniewski to name a few who are consistently hitting goodtimes. With these talented underclassmen, we will have an equally strong team, possibly a better one in years to come. Coasting off the wins over St. Francis Prep, St. John's Prep, Brooklyn Prep and Nazareth, the team is looking forward to greater triumphs.

The forthcoming indoor season is going to be the scene of many private battles between team members. For example, Al Logie has vehemently insisted that he will run rings around Steve O'Donnell in the half-mile. Thus far Steve has only laughed at this but secretly he is busily mapping his strategy. Also Don Wisniewski has declared that he will not rest until he has beaten Ray Worsdale in the two mile. Ray said that he only believes what he sees and dares him to try it.

Karate and Judo Clubs: Self-defense, Coordination

by Al Malefatto
of the Highpoint Staff

Two new clubs at Bishop Ford this year are the Karate Club and the Judo Club. Brother Michelle is the moderator of the Karate Club and Mr. Potter is the moderator of the Judo Club.

Intramurals Looks Good

by James O'Neil
of the Highpoint Staff

"The outlook for football intramural looks good" says Mr. Wittekind. The senior classes 401, 402, 405, and 408 played Wednesday Nov. 8. Class 401 beat 408, and class 405 beat 402. It seems that the freshman classes are always left for last in everything, and Freshman softball was supposed to start Thursday, November 9, but was discontinued until next spring because of bad weather.

No Blocking

Mr. Wittekind said that after the seniors finish with football, the freshmen are going to start. "Blocking may be discontinued" said Mr. Nash "because it looks too rough."

Bowling intramurals starts Monday, November 13. Mr. Wittekind said that there will be twelve teams, he hopes to have more, each team consisting of freshmen, sophomores, juniors, and seniors. So do not be afraid that if you join your team will lose; your team has just a good chance as any other team.

Ping Pong

After the drive, the end of this month, ping-pong and chess will begin.

The purpose of the Karate Club says Brother Michelle, "is to teach the rudiments of self-defense and to get muscular coordination." Karate courses are being taught by two students who have taken private lessons, Nick D'Ottavio who has a brown belt, and James Bruno who has a purple belt.

The different types of Karate belts are white, green tip, green, purple tip, purple, three degrees in brown (style varies) and black. To get a black belt a person would have to study no less than four to five years.

Judo and Karate differ mainly in that Judo consists of throwing, using your opponents weight against him, while Karate consists of punching, concentrating your strength in one spot. The clubs are open to all sophomores, juniors and seniors.

PASS AROUND PINTER

(continued from page 4)

grin and bear it. Tension walls are created by masterful Pinter. We become the topic of the bitter home-hitting dialogue. Bear-chested we waltz to the cry of his Sirens, our ears not protected by the wax of Odysseus. The play is over. Thoughts still fly out of my head; I can't make going out yet. The theater empties. Leaving behind their programs shuffling the black nightglow of neon. Move the people. I rise leaving for a time the life giver and return myself to the bleeding Sophoclean pretzel seller and gum machines. And I light another Lucky.

We Rob Pass Around Pinter Banks

by T. R. CorCoran
of the Highpoint Staff

I find it very hard to tell someone about *Bonnie and Clyde*. Perhaps this is because like all truly great works of art it has to be witnessed in order to be appreciated.

The film itself is a study in contrasts. While being a beautifully told love story, it is filled with all the evils of violence, hate and indifference. It is humorous one instant and depressingly tragic the next, only to jar the viewer back into happiness quite suddenly, either by good old ridiculousness or by instilling a sense of quiet contentment through its sheer beauty.

I entered the theatre half-expecting another cut and dry, absurdly unimportant "gangster" movie. What I found was a masterful story of a very troubled pair of lovers trying to live, to defeat the impotency that tortures Clyde Barrow and threatens to destroy them both, and to run from that which they have become tired of running from.

Great Team

What I saw was one of the finest acting teams imaginable, that of Warren Beatty and Faye Dunaway. By their slightest gestures they established entire moods or just as easily broke them down. One always felt aware of their presence and could sense their complete command of the structure. To me the effect of these two people together is infinitely stronger than any Burton and Taylor combination.

(continued on page 2)

It's summer. Heated scuffles, my path is down 42nd Street. Neon flash beat bodies pass under *My Hustler* at the World. I inject a Lucky and light one more step to cancer of the lungs. My blue denims hold a ticket to a very "in" play on Broadway. Dearest big brother got two for me but she couldn't show. Saving \$7.50 thanks to him. But her . . . well, that's another story.

Now to make my way to the Music Box Theater and meet up with the select snobs of the universe. My knowledge of New York isn't too sharp so I go the only way I know: the long way. Stores cry out. Books adults only, loans, credit, records, sheet music, and the movie mania of *Olga's House of Pain*. Tourists give me fleeting looks of wonder in their three-piece suits, me in my saddle shoes and dungarees.

The Homecoming

I finally make it there just in time for the first act of Harold Pinter's *The Homecoming*, a really "in" play. Entering the theater I receive my program and am taken to my seat by a skinny Norweigan usher. He smiles. Being later than the correct theater time everyone seems to notice the kid with the messy outfit. The seat turns out to be the best in the entire house, at fifth row center they figure they'd better leave me alone as I'm probably some politician's hippie son. "Did you see the way he looked?" a gray-blond nudges her son-in-law. "... shh, but did you see where he sat?" The curtain rises and it is then that I enter the world of reality.

I am not attempting to say anything earth shaking about the plot details of Pinter as a spokesman of modern

media. All that happened is here and is going on right now all around you. The Big People have told it to us till we're blue in the face *Life, Time, Newsweek*, paper, paper, paper.

Sitting in my plush money man seat I watch a world of people. People stripped of their facade of Arnold Constable and Swank. Their world explodes in our face. A woman to my right chats nervously peeling a smile, "and you expected a serious drama, huh?" Buzzes of the audience distract my mind. Shifting in their seats they become oppressed, and the intermission is on.

Outside clouds of cigarette smoke cover the crowd's uneasiness. Some leave now to a night on the town. A brown haired girl in blue offers me a sip of her coke. (I still don't know where she got it). She's a student at L.I.U. and says she digs drama. I say I dig it, too.

Act Two

Most of us return inside leaving the streets to the other intermission people from *Hello Dolly* and *Don't Drink the Water* now unloading their entertainment seekers in Fun City.

Seated. Act Two begins. I return to my trip of human thought and playwright's imagery. The people

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On A Silver Bike

by Jim Pittman
of the Highpoint Staff

Scottish under raven curls. Aged 10, and it was to England. Six more years—art student and already in college. Looked out a window; saw a road called Gypsy Dave. Crawled out the window, ran down to the shore. No forwarding address. Seagulls and sounds, a whole world—all material for song. Pseudo-Village coffeehouses, on to recordings, became a T.V. star of sorts—had to say things like "Me? Imitating Dylan? I don't even know who he is!" Catch the wind, and it becomes number one. Colours follows. The charts look around to find folk songs running ahead. Universal Soldier—another hit, "oh, he's just one of those protest bums." London town, and it is 1965, and it is a tour for Bobby Dylan. (Dylan picks up a newspaper. "Donovan!!! Who's this Donovan?")

Newport, and it is 1965. Walk around, you'll see all the stars. Joan Baez, Buffy Sainte-Marie, Pete Seeger maybe even the traitor Dylan (hope that he gives up Edison's guitar) can be heard. A young kid, black curly hair burying ears, hiding neck, over from England way singing—sounding good. Even the stars will tell you that!

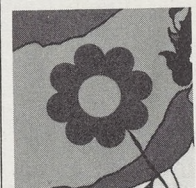
Radio stations all over America, playing "She loves you" and "Do Wa Diddy", but "Catch the Wind?" "Oh, my friend, I know it's by an Englishman, but you can't dance to it" say the wise djs.

Sellouts Without a Hit

The folksy people smiled, knowing much more. No longer having a leader, they thought, perhaps this young kid; he looks kinda like Dylan. From Newport it's to a tour of colleges—all sell-outs. And without a hit record in America.

The summer of 1966, back from England—no more the new messiah-to-be at Newport, rather a Sunshine Superman. Pick hit, sureshot, all groovy and cool, enchanting fourteen year olds all across the nation "Don't ask me, I don't know what it means either!"

Three months, one gold record later, another release. This time an LP. People listened, and not just mod teeny-boppers. Maybe the sounds



were different, and the lyrics vague, but perhaps it meant something. *Sunshine Superman*, a symbolic break. He refers to it as a "collapsed love affair, no less." Singing folk songs in the traditional sense became like watching television. Growing up, because

we must, because it's sad, an idea behind *Legend Of The Girl-Child Linda*. Flutes and strings weave neo-classical castles; magicians and a princess appear, linked with the ever-important children. Gentleness pervades the recording.

It Is Beautiful

"Twelve kingfishers will show you how, dive and swim through the ripples of your love . . ." An important song, *Three King Fishers*, is the first song done by a Westerner to use the principles of Eastern music. To that point, the Beatles, Rolling Stones and Byrds, among others had used sitars, but in harmony with other instruments. Donovan stressed the rhythm of sitar, guitar, violin and tabla, each acting independently. Subtle patterns are traced in the air. Music acts as lyrics; the lyrics are pure music, only the hyper-alert mind realizes very much about the song. Donovan wrote it for those people. Others sit, staring at the incredible complexity, just knowing it is beautiful.

Follow your dreams until they are completed. A morale behind the *Ferris Wheel*. Again, softness—quiet emotionalism, controlled releases. Imagery (" . . . tangerine sky minus one kite . . .") with flowing sitar and gentle bass. A trace of sadness to be found in his voice, itself another musical instrument.

Bert's Blues is perhaps the most fascinating cut to be produced by anyone on the modern music scene. Blues, neo-classicism, Dixieland jazz, and hard rock are combined to make a masterpiece. Hard-bluesey sounds open up the record ("I've been looking for a good gal, but it's taking time"), fading into violins, flutes and cellos (" . . . swiftly goes the wind on its way to Hades . . .") merging into harpsichord melodies . . . slowly building up the tension until the end of the track which finishes in the wailing of Dixieland horns. The most striking thing about the cut is the way the music merges. There seems to be no incongruity of sound, although musically it bridges the gap between three different cultures.

Season of the Witch, a comment on how things are (" . . . truly strange . . ."). Strong rhythm mingled with beautiful lyrics and a really incredible voice that guides your emotions for you. *The Trip*—the story of his experiences when he first went to California. Camelot, the princely splendour of Arthur's court and the beauty of the Queen *Guenivere*, medieval wonder; a romanticist

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Two Questions on A Tuesday Morning: A Pair of Sacred Cows Mowed Down

by Jim Brannan
Assistant Editor

Sacred silence of a November morning is desecrated only by the howls of automobiles and other parasites far below us. He satisfies my curiosity on a Tuesday. He could be doing other things. I should not be so surprised.

How would you improve the state of television in America?

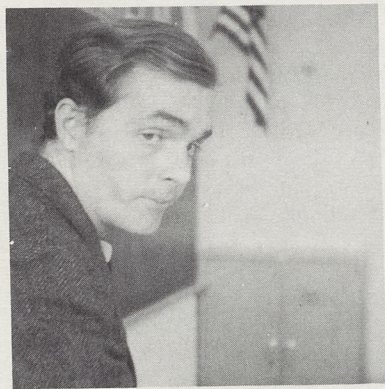
Television does not have to be esthetically good to be successful/ Existing as an advertising medium/ television is quite successful just the way it is/ It makes money for all concerned/ doesn't it?/ The public has made television what it is today/ If people sincerely want a change in the cultural quality of the programs presented/ they should first show their displeasure at what is now being offered by turning off their T.V. sets/ The public's taste must change/ before television can change/ Advertisers will sponsor any show with a large following/ regardless of the quality of that show/

Mass Culture

In 100 years/ this century might be known as the Age of Kitsch/ that is/ the Age of Mass Culture/

The average person spends five and a half hours daily watching television/ For that period of time/ he is living in an illusionary world/ He is buying

illusions/ The sad part is/ the person is well aware of that fact/ Television



Mr. McBride and flag.

is like a mass narcotic/ A sedative of sorts/ It gives the people something to do with their leisure time/

Television: Bad

He lights a cigarette. In this, I am his mirror image.

Television today is geared to eleven-year-olds/ In the early 50's/ programs like 'Play of the Week' and 'Playhouse 90' were popular to a certain extent/ Not even Lincoln Center has presented anything comparable to those shows/

Today/ there are people who don't watch T.V./ There are people who watch and deny watching/ and there are people who watch and enjoy

watching/

Only seven percent of the American Public does not have television/ 81% own telephones/ Think about that/

Are most present-day Americans aware of their so-called "American Heritage?"

No/ The struggle in Viet Nam is partial proof of my statement/ Open discussion is concomitant with the concept of an Open Society/ Our 'Founding Fathers' were truly conscious of this necessity/ Patrick Henry/ in his Speech to the Virginia Convention/ stated that 'in proportion to the magnitude of the subject ought to be the freedom of the debate/ Henry was also aware that difference of opinion will exist/ He said/ 'And different men often see the same subject in different lights'/

His pen darts erratically across my notebook. The table shudders beneath my elbow.

It is unfortunate that we often deny to others/ that which we wish to preserve for ourselves/

I nod in agreement. He does not see.

Perhaps Mark Twain was correct/ when he stated that/ 'In all matters of opinion/ our adversaries are always insane'/ I hope he was not correct in branding us 'the damned human race'/

It is Mr. John McBride.